WEEKLY VISITOR;

OR, LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart.

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FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

JEALOUSY.

AN IDYL.

From the German of Solomon Gesner.

(Concluded.)

THEY are going to the shade of these myrtles, cried the enraged Alexis; and it was under the shade of these very trees that she so often swore to me an eternal passion. They are now in the grove! Heavens! I no longer see them; concealed by the thick shade of the leaves they are going to seat themselves on the grass. But, no, I see them again. Her white robe reflects the light of the moon, amid the branches of the trees, and their dark trunks. They stop! That is a sweet retreat, and the moss is so refreshing—Perfidious! enjoy thy repose—and, swear in the presence of Luna—exchange the vows of your guilty loves. May the *Furies* dart terror between you! But, no, Hark! The nightingales repeat the most tender airs; and the turtle sighs around them. Yet, it is not there neither, they intend to remain. They are going even to the temple of the goddess! I will draw near. I will see them, and listen to their talk.

He entered the grove of myrtles. He saw them advance towards the temple, whose columns, of the whitest marble, enlightened by the moon, shone refulgent amid the shades of night. Ha! do they dare to tread these sacred steps! Can the Goddess of love protect the foulest perfidy! He saw, in fact, the young shepherdess ascend the steps of the temple. She crossed the portico, with the little basket of flowers on her arm; while the young man stopped under the first arcade. Alexis still approached, in the concealment of the shade. Trembling with *horror* and *despair*, he crept to the shadow of one of the pillars, and placed himself against it. There he distinctly saw Daphne approach the statue of Venus; it was of marble, white as milk; every part of it was illuminated by the moon. The goddess reclining backward, with an enchanting majesty, seemed to shun the astonished view of mortals; while from her height sublime, she cast a gracious look on those who perfumed her altars. Daphne bowed her knee at the foot of the goddess, placed the garlands before her, and, and in the most tender and plaintive accents said:

"Hear, O benign goddess, protectress thou of faithful lovers! Hear my prayer. Graciously accept these flowers, which I presume to offer thee; they are yet wet with the dew of evening, and with my tears. It is now six days since Alexis went to a distance from me. O propitious goddess, restore him to my arms!—protect him by the way, and bring him back faithful and tender as when he parted from me. Restore him to me, that I may press him to my bosom which now pants with love!"

Alexis heard; and he discovered the young shepherd, who stood opposite to him, and on whose countenance the moon now shone. It was the brother of his Daphne. Full of tender fears she dared not expose herself to the dangers of the night, by going alone to the temple of Venus.

Alexis quitting the pillar that concealed him, suddenly appeared before his love. Daphne, in sweet extacy, and Alexis transported with joy and shame, sank into each others arms, at the feet of the goddess.

JOHNSON AND GARRICK.

In Mr. Murphy's life of Garrick, appears the following anecdote. When Johnson and Garrick were dining together in a large party, the doctor humorously ascertaining the chronology of something, expressed himself thus:—"That was the year when I came to London with twopence-half penny in my pocket." Garrick overhearing him, exclaimed, "Eh, what do you say? with twopence-half penny in your pocket!"—"Why, yes, Davy, when I came with that sum, and you with three pence in thine!" What a vast property Garrick amased as an actor, is well known.

PRUDENCE is always contented with mediocrity.

SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

[The following sketch of the many accomplishments necessary to constitute the modern fine Gentleman will, we hope, prove entertaining to our readers.]

MODERN MANNERS.

MY two female cousins, the Miss Grizzlegriggs, being lately returned from London, where they have resided about five years, *for their education*, I received an invitation, a few days since, to dine with them. In the course of conversation, I discovered that the young ladies, who were *formerly* called *Caroline* and *Charlotte*, had changed the final *e* of their names into *a*, thereby rendering them *Carolina* and *Charlotta*, which they assured me was '*vastly* more elegant, on account of partaking the peculiar softness and harmony of the Italian accent." Having, during my visit, been guilty of several henious and most unpardonable offences against good breeding; such as, (for instance,) crossing my knife and fork when I had finished dinner; *biting* off a piece of bread; drinking healths; taking salt with the point of my knife, &c. with many other crimes too horrid to mention; and, perceiving by these how *perfectly* ignorant I was of genteel manners, and how badly I had been educated, Miss Carolina, through compassion of my ignorance, and respect for the honour of the ancient family of the Grizzlegriggs, very obligingly offered to write out a few hints for the regulation of my future conduct, which I accordingly received the next morning, and are as follows:

"When you have swallowed about a dozen mouthfuls of your dinner, it is requisite that you *challenge* some lady in company—that is, ask her if she will take a glass of wine with you, which, most probably, she will comply with. You must then call for two glasses of *white* wine—remember it *must* be *white*, for should the servant carry her *red* wine, if she be a well-bred woman, she will immediately faint.

"Be sure at dinner, always to keep your bread on the left side of your plate, at the *exact* distance of four inches, three quarters, and a half from the edge of the table; and, when you wish to eat a part, you must neither *cut* nor *bite* it off, but it must be *broken*:—it is needless to say how either of these first actions would shock a mind possessed of delicacy and feeling.

"Be particularly careful, when you have dined, to lay your knife and fork *parallell* with each other on the plate, and not *across*, which denotes nothing but vulgarity and ill-breeding.

"It is highly essential that a well-educated man should *rap an oath* with a good grace;—indeed *nothing* more clearly evinces the *finished gentleman*, than a perfection in this elegant accomplishment.

"But if you wish to become a *favourite* with our sex, it is absolutely necessary that you acquire (besides a proficiency in swearing) a bold front, and an inexhaustible stock of impudence; these are easily gained by a little practice, and are extremely agreeable to us;—you need not be afraid of wounding our *sensibility*, or raising the blush of *modesty*, having, by the constant study of *La fille de Joye*, *Le Chevalier de Faublas*, and a few other elegant and highly finished compositions, fortified our minds against such weakness:—*blushing* is now looked upon as absurd, and entirely out of fashion, and only betrays an illiberal education.

"If you request a lady to sing, or play upon the harpsichord, and she says she is unable, be sure to repeat your request till she complies; for we make it an invariable rule never to sing or play till we have been entreated and supplicated at least three dozen times—thus enhancing the value of the obligation.

"Above all things, take care never to drink any person's health; it is very absurd and preposterous, and extremely indelicate; for your own observations must have convinced you that *health is perfectly useless in high life*, and therefore *totally disregarded*.

"As, you know, we are almost from our infancy initiated in all the little arts of hysteric fits, fainting, &c. &c. it may not be amiss for you *now and then*, to commit some dreadful enormity—such as mistaking the daughter for the mother, or the like; for, by this means, the *young* lady will have sufficient cause for throwing herself into one of those graceful and bewitching attitudes thereby (which is the end proposed) giving you the opportunity of a close inspection of her features.

"I think I have somewhere made use of the word *modesty*:—I cannot imagine how it entered my head; for we have no such word in *our* vocabulary, though some pedantic fools have pretended to assert that '*modesty is a very becoming quality*;' and that '*a modest woman is an ornament to her sex*'—idle nonsense! I wonder how so ridiculous an idea could find its way into the human brain:—but you yourself must have witnessed what wretched, miserable, lives such creatures lead, who never enjoy the company of an impudent fellow, but, on the contrary, are eternally subject to that *insufferable bore*, the conversation of a set of monsters unworthy the name of men, who would prefer a *walk by moonlight*, to a *masquerade*, or *Pope's Homer*, to a *pack of cards*!!!"

THE celebrated Milesian Philosopher, illustrious as the founder of the Ionic school, having received the following questions from Amasis, king of Egypt, sent these answers to each of them.

Wouldst thou be informed *what is* OLDEST? It is GOD, because he is a being from eternity. Wouldst thou know *what is* GREATEST? It is SPACE; for the world contains all things, but that contains the world. Wouldst thou be satisfied *what is* FAIREST? It is the EARTH; because it is exquisitely contrived and arranged. Wouldst thou be told *what is* WISEST? It is TIME; because it discovers the most secret transactions. Wouldst thou be acquainted with *what is* COMMON to all men? It is HOPE; for when every possession is gone, *that* abides with us. Dost thou ask *what is* BEST? It is VIRTUE, for it sweetens the enjoyments of life. Dost thou ask *what is* WORST? It is VICE, for it corrupts every good. Dost thou enquire *what is* STRONGEST? It is NECESSITY, because that alone is invincible. Dost thou inquire *what is* MOST AGREEABLE? It is to *obey the dictates of Virtue*, and follow the ends she has marked out.

Whatever mitigates the woes, or encreases the happiness of others, this is my criterion of goodness; and whatever injures society at large, or any individual in it—this is my measure of iniquity.—What think you, madam, of my creed?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

Sir,

I observed in your last paper, a REPLY to my communication of the 24th ult. signed Eliza; and, while I feel grateful for her "monition and reproof," I must take the liberty of pointing out some of her remarks which to me appear ungenerously severe.

"Causes" says Eliza, "are uniformly followed by adequate effects.—Good qualities usually beget esteem, as does attention love; but here we see the reverse take place." Granted that causes are followed by their adequate effects—so discretion begets happiness as does indiscretion its opposite. But in order to apply this in the present instance so as to draw from it satisfactory inferences, a solution to the following question is necessary;—Wherein consists this discretion? It must be allowed, that in every case there is a point beyond which it is indiscretion to proceed. An author of great reputation has observed, that "Virtue itself, hath need of limits." This, if it prove any thing, proves, love, as well as every other passion or affection to require limitation. Though love, when pure and natural, is a virtue, it is so no more when carried to excess; and will Eliza say that love cannot be too excessive? Will she say that it can no where be found but in the imagination of Romance, and novel-writers! I presume not.

Eliza appears to mistake the sense I wish'd to convey, when I said that "no woman of ordinary discretion can esteem the man who allows his passions so far to get the better of him as to make his happiness wholly dependent on the object of his admiration." I meant, perhaps, more than was expressed; but I think "without much ingenuity," the intended meaning might have been correctly understood. She says she is destined to differ from me on every point; and after playing upon the word admiration (and thus misconstruing the sentence) she observes—"But if, as it would seem, Belinda by admiration means love, then I say, that whoever truly loves, must feel that his happiness or misery depends upon the object of his passion." To this remark I reply, that this dependence, to avoid unhappy consequences, must be limited and tempered by judgment. In support of this opinion, I will, in conformity with Eliza's advice, quote a sentence from a piece headed "A Prayer for a Husband," in the Visitor of Feb. 22d, 1806, *viz.* "Give me a husband whose love has more of judgment, than passion, who is master of himself, or at least, an indefatigable scholar in such a study." Such a qualification I could not discover in Horatio,—And this deficiency, if I mistake not, was conveyed in the following sentence; "From the pleasing and instructive friend, he has become the indiscreet and impassioned lover."

In the following, she totally perverts my meaning: "No person who has studied human nature will say, that friendship and esteem, once sunk into mere pity, can ever be kindled into pure and unadulterated love." She parodies it, by observing, that "no one who has studied human nature will say that pity *cannot* be kindled into love." I did not say that pity could not be kindled into love; but that, when we only feel pity for an object which we once esteemed, that object could never excite our love, and for this reason: As "pity is but one degree from love," on the one hand, so is it but one degree from disgust on the other.

"Belinda," concludes Eliza, "begins and ends by asking advice; If she wishes advice for the sake of following it, (doubting my sincerity) enough may be extracted, without much ingenuity, from this paper, though it is not given in a direct manner." This induced me to peruse the Visitor with attention, and in the last number observed a piece entitled JEALOUSY, beginning thus:

"The most consuming flame, the most destructive poison with which the *Furies* torture the human heart, is *jealousy*.—This Alexis proved. He loved and was beloved by Daphne. These happy lovers vowed an eternal passion." But, when he was absent from her, "an hour appeared to him as a long winter's night. Some malignant power at last poured into his heart the poison of jealousy."—Considering that, "every cause is followed by its adequate effect," I began to ruminate upon what I had been reading; and, as it is human to reason from effect to cause, I propounded to myself this question, What is the cause of jealousy? I returned again to the piece I had partly read, which soon convinced me that it was indiscreet and romantic love; for such was that of Alexis: when about to leave her but for two days, "he shed a torrent of tears," and, during his absence, he dreamed she had proved unkind. At his return, when he saw her in company with the young shepherd, he was plunged in utter misery, exclaiming, "O unhappy! Whoever thou art, whether god or goddess, O thou that didst forewarn me of my misery, ah, revenge my wrongs! Let me but see this infidelity punished; and then let me die of anguish!" This is the indirect advice Eliza speaks, of and yet she says, "Behold, Belinda, your incongruity!" But here I am constrained to ask, "Is this in man? Is it in nature?" Eliza will say yes. She says, because Horatio loved me, I felt toward him only scorn and contempt, and asks, 'Is this in woman? Is it in nature?' I answer, Daphne and Alexis loved each other—Alexis became jealous; and the natural result must be if she was discreet, Daphne's scorn and contempt.

As I began and ended my last communication with asking advice, I begin and end this by thanking Eliza for her friendship, her 'monition and reproof.'

BELINDA.

AN INQUIRY.

TELL me, O tell, who's that fantastic fair,
Whose temples such a wreath of blossoms bear?
Her fine blue eyes, so tremulous impart,
Sweet palpitations to a lover's heart.
Between those gentle hills, obscur'd from sigh
Which CUPID claims as his special right;
In that dear valley, blooms the rose, and sips
A double fragrance from her rosy lips,
And catches all its deep vermillion grace
From the contagious crimson of her face.
Her robe, so green and airy, floats behind,
And gaily flutters in the wanton wind,
I ask'd a zephyr, hovering on the wing,
Who this could be: he softly whisper'd...SPRING

MERCHANTS.

.....TO censure TRADE,
Or hold her busy people in contempt,
Let none presume ....
TRADE to the good PHYSICIAN gives his balms:
Gives cheering cordials to th' AFFLICTED heart;
Gives to the WEALTHY, delicacies high:
And to the POOR, gives food and full employ:
Gives to the CURIOUS, works of nature rare:.....
And when the PRIEST displays, in just discourse,
HIM, the all-wise Creator, and declares
His presence, power, and goodness unconfin'd,
'Tis TRADE, attentive voyager, who fills
His lips with argument.

[The following is a translation of a letter, preserved by a heathen historian. It is an important document among the extraneous proofs of the real existence of our blessed Redeemer.]

EMERALD.

An Epistle to the Senate of Rome, in the days of Tiberius Cesar, concerning JESUS CHRIST, by Publius Lentilus, an officer of high rank in the Roman army then in Judea, and the only person of that nation who sent any account to Rome of so extraordinary an event, as mentioned by *V. Paterculus*.

THERE appeared in these our days, a man of great virtue, named *Jesus Christ*, who is yet living amongst us, and of the Gentiles is accepted a prophet of truth, but his own disciples call him the son of God. He raiseth the dead, and cureth all manner of diseases. A man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with a very reverend countenance, such as the beholders may both fear and love: his hair is of the colour of the filbert full ripe, and plain almost down to his ears, but from his ears downward somewhat curled, and more orient of colour, waving about his shoulders: in the midst of his head goeth a seam or partition, after the manner of the Nazarites; his forehead very plain and smooth; his face without spot or wrinkle, beautified with a comely red; his nose and mouth so formed as nothing can be reprehended; his beard somewhat thick, agreeable in colour to the hair of his head, not of any great length, but forked in the midst; of an innocent and mature look; his eyes clear and quick, in reproving he is terrible; in admonishing, courteous and fair spoken; pleasant in speech mixed with gravity. It cannot be remembered that any have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep. In proportion of body, well-shaped, and very straight, his hands delectable to behold. In speaking, very temperate, modest, and wise. A man for his singular beauty, surpassing the children of men.

EPISTOLARY.

Original letter from Mr. Addison.

[THE following letter, which, on the respectable authority of Dr. Drake, is asserted to be the genuine production of ADDISON, written by him on receiving certain hints, impossible to misunderstand, from a married lady, the wife of his friend, will bear ample testimony to the purity of his conduct, and to his powers of resisting one of the strongest temptations to which our nature is subject. PORT FOLIO.]

MADAM,

IT would be ridiculous in me, after the base intimation you were pleased to favour me with, to affect any longer an ignorance of your sentiments, however opposite an approbation of them must be to the dictates of reason and justice. This expression I am sensible may appear inconsistent in the mouth of a *polite* man, but I hope it is no disgrace to a *sincere* one. In matters of importance, *delicacy* ought to give way to *truth*, and *ceremony* must be sacrificed to *candour*. An honest freedom is the privilege of ingenuity; and the mind which is above the practice of deceit can never stoop to be guilty of flattery upon such a point.

Give me leave, madam, to remark, that the connexion subsisting between your husband and myself is of a nature too strong for me to think of injuring him in a point where the happiness of his life is so materially concerned. You cannot be insensible of his goodness or my obligations; and suffer me to observe, that, were I capable of such an action, how much soever my behaviour might be rewarded by your *passion*, I must be despised by your *reason*; and though I might be esteemed as a lover, I should be hated as a man. Highly sensible of the power of your beauty, I am determined to avoid an interview where my peace and honour may be for ever lost. You have passions, you say, madam; give me leave to answer, you have understanding also; you have a heart susceptible of the tenderest impressions, but a soul, if you would choose to awaken it, beyond an unwarrantable indulgence of them; and let me intreat you, for your own sake, to resist any giddy impulse, or ill-placed inclination which shall induce you to entertain any thought prejudicial to your own honour, and repugnant to your virtue.

I too, madam, am far from being insensible. I too have passions; and would my situation, a few years ago, have allowed me a possibility of succeeding, I should legally have solicited that happiness, which you are now ready to bestow.

I had the honour of supping at Mr. D's, where I first saw you; and I shall make no scruple in declaring that I never saw a person so irresistibly beautiful, nor a manner so excessively engaging; but the superiority of your circumstances prevented any declaration on my side, although I burnt with a flame as strong as ever fired the human breast. I laboured to conceal it. Time and absence at length abated a hopeless passion, and your marriage with my patron effectually cured it. Do not, madam, endeavour to re-kindle that flame: do not destroy a *tranquillity* I have just began to taste, and blast your own honour which has been hitherto unsullied. My best esteem is yours; but, should I promise more, consider the fatal necessity I should be under of removing myself from an intercourse so dangerous. In any other commands, dispose of, madam,

Your humble servant,

JOSEPH ADDISON.

THE DEAR DECEIVERS.

(From a French Journal.)

'HOW deceitful are men?' said the day before yesterday, the amiable Julia, wiping away with her fair hand a tear which flowed down her reddened cheek. —'Oh, my dear Amanda, never trust in their oaths; fly their company and become wise by the experience of thy unhappy friend. If you knew how he had feigned affection, with what grace he declared it, with what ardour he looked on me, on the evening preceding the very day on which I learned his base treachery—if you knew with what pleasure I listened to him; how much I was moved by his looks, his accent, his supposed love—Yet was his love in reality, devoted to another!—'I hear some one coming,' said Amanda: 'it is him!'

'How, sir, is it you?'—'Yes, my dearest Julia! it is me: I come to throw myself at your feet, and ask a thousand pardons for having been one day without seeing you. I alone am the sufferer; but you might have imagined—'—'I have imagined nothing, or rather I have forgotten every thing on seeing you again. Where have you been?'—'I have been to the country.'—'Is that all!'—'Yes.'—My dear Amanda, I alone am to blame.'

'How deceitful are women!' said, yesterday morning, young Sainville to his friend Germeuil: 'honey is on their lips, and poison in their hearts.—You know how fondly I loved Eugenia, and how many sacrifices I have made to that love: but do you know in what manner she has rewarded my affection? She has sa-

crificed me to that blockhead Arnonville: he alone is in favour with her: she receives his letters, and has presented him with her portrait,'—'Are you sure of that?'—'Sure! it is clear as day.—It is intolerable: I renounce forever both women and love!' As he concluded these violent expressions they had reached the door of Eugenia. Eugenia was in the balcony.—'Adieu, Germeuil: I will go up to her, and upbraid her with her conduct.

'You are going out, madam?'—'Yes, my dear Sainville.'—'Alone?'—'No.'—'Do you expect any person?'—'I was certain you would come.'—'And Arnonville, perhaps?'—'What! jealous? so much the better.'—'Inconceivable woman, what pleasure you take in tormenting me.'—'You torment yourself, Sainville: your disordered imagination alone torments you.'—'What am I to think of those letters, that portrait?'—'I have received no letters but from you, nor given any portrait to any person but yourself,'—'Ah! then am I alone in fault: let me fondly entreat your pardon for my foolish suspicions.'

PLEASANTRIES.

Zeno on Love.

Zeno being told that love was becoming a philosopher: If this be true, replied Zeno, the fate of the fairest would be lamentable, not to be loved but by fools.

Frederick the Great.

When this hero of Prussia was told a person had abused him, he asked the informer whether his enemy had an army of an hundred thousand men? "No Sir," replied the courtier. "Then," said Frederick, "I can have nothing to do with him; if he had a powerful army at his command, I would have declared war against him."

The Doctor Doctered.

A rich and generous merchant having recovered of his illness, by the aid of a physician, who seemed very thin and pale, addressed him:—"Now, doctor, let me prescribe to you for your disease."—"I am very well," replied the astonished Galen. "Nay," replied the merchant, "I know you wish to conceal your disorder; but I am certain you will find this, (giving him a large purse,) will do you a vast deal of good if you take it."

Scripture Pun.

Lord Auckland, (when Mr. Eden,) in the American war, was one day haranguing the House in a very vehement manner, and some of his observations occasioning much laughter, a member, on entering, asked Charles Fox what was the matter. "*Oh! nothing,*" says the man of the people, "*only the devil is got again into Eden.*"

Bon-mot of Gassendi.

This famous mathematician, though of a mild disposition, yet once lost his temper in company with a babler. This simpleton was endeavouring to explain the doctrine of the transmigration, and committed several enormous blunders. "Pythagoras," observed Gassendi, warm and irritated, "says that the the souls of men pass into the bodies of brutes; but, till this hour, I did not know that the converse of this proposition was true.

The fortune-hunter.

A beau at Bath, whose fortune was chiefly personal, was in company where it was reported, that on that day, a very rich old lady had made her exit. "What a pity," replied the beau, "that I was not introduced to her yesterday, it would have been a charming match.

A hint to men of letters.

Boileau, the famous French Poet, laid it down as a rule in his conduct, never to visit any person whatever, without the form of an invitation, adding that a haughtiness of mind was the characteristic of a man of genius, but a haughtiness in disposition and manners, denoted a blockhead.

Petrarch.

It is said that the the pope advised Petrarch to marry *Laura*; but that the poet refused, because he feared that the familiarity of marriage would extinguish his passion. A blunt person on reading this adecdote, observed, "there's a fool who wont eat his dinner, lest he should spoil his appetite."

Subtle Answer.

An Astrologer having predicted the death of a woman with whom Louis was in love, and which the chapter of accidents had been so kind as to verify, the prince sent for him, and sternly asked him, "You, Sir, who foretel every thing, pray when shall you die?" The astrologer cooly replied, "I shall die, Sire, three days before your majesty." This reply so alarmed the king, that he ordered him to be lodged in one of his palaces, and particular care to be taken of him.

WEEKLY VISITOR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1806.

To our fair readers occasional descriptions of Trans-atlantic fashions may not prove unacceptable; we present those of

LONDON, FOR APRIL.

Full Dresses.——A loose robe of undressed crape over a dress of white satin or sarcenet, embroidered all round with silver; the sleeves quite plain and embroidered to correspond with the dress. A tiara of silver, or steel, adorned with gems or cornelians. White gloves and shoes—A round dress of fine muslin over white sarcenet—Broad lace let in down the front and round the bottom. The bosom quite plain, trimmed with a quilling of lace, and ornamented with a medallion or broach. A long silk shawl, the ends embroidered in colors. The hair dressed in a bandeau of velvet and diamonds. White gloves and shoes.

Head Dresses, &c. A turban made of an Indian shawl, ornamented in front with a medallion. A turban of very thin muslin, finished with a very long end from the top—A small round cap of thin muslin; the front ornamented with worked vine leaves—The hair dressed with a tiara. A morning dress of thick white muslin, made up close to the throat with a collar—Necklace and armlets of cornelian. A straw hat turned up in front.

General Observations. The favorite colours are pea-green, lilac, and yellow. Spring pelises of soft silk of various colours are worn, but not generally. Spencers and mantles are more worn. Feathers have almost entirely disappeared,

both in full and undress. Small wreaths of flowers painted on lace, are much used for the dress of the head.

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

[The following statement of the Sun's Eclipse, is from the computation of Abraham Shoemaker. As it is calculated for the meridian of New York, we think it may not prove unacceptable to many of our readers.]

The Sun will be eclipsed on the 16th of June, in the morning, visible and nearly total. As so large an eclipse of the Sun but very rarely happens at any one place, we have therefore, for the amusement of such as delight in contemplating the beauty of celestial phenomena, been a little particular in calculating its limits, delineating its different aspects, &c.

The Eclipse begins at New-York	9 39 A. M.	apparent time.
Greatest obscuration . .	11 2	A. M.
End	12 29	
Duration	2 49	

Digits Eclipsed 11¼ on the Sun's North limb. The Moon makes her first impression on the Sun's disk, about 76 degrees from the Sun's vertex on the right hand. It will be total in the northern parts of the United States, its centre passing over Lakes Michigan, and Erie, the Genesee country, and very near Albany and Boston, thence out into the Atlantic Ocean to the southward of Nova-Scotia.

This Eclipse having travelled in expansum ever since the creation, fell in open space quite clear of the Earth at every return of the Chaldean Period, till the year A. D. 957, when it first began to enter the *Terra Australis Incognita* at the South Pole, since which, it has continued to wear to the northward at each periodical return, and according to the mean motions of the Sun, Moon, and retrocession of the Lunar Nodes will go off at the North Pole about the year A. D. 2355, whence it again commences its etherial circuit, from which it will not return to the Earth, so as to perform the same revolution over again, in less than 12,498 years. *

* The Ecliptic limits in the above calculation, are taken at 18 degrees from the Moon's Node.

Speaking of the eclipse, the editor of the *Poughkeepsie Barometer* says, So rare a phenomenon has not happened since the settlement of this country. Indeed, we do not recollect to have read of but one instance of the kind. PLINY mentions a total eclipse of the Sun and at the same time, he says, there was an eruption of Vesuvius, and an earthquake.

THE Norfolk papers mention that Mr Cooper was to make his first appearance in that city, in his favorite character of *HAMLET*, on Wednesday evening the 4th inst.

At Hudson, on Sunday last, Capt. Macy's new ship lying at one of the wharves, was struck with lightning, which entered the head of her mainmast, ran down to the upper deck, then went into one of the pumps, and proceeded through it to the bottom of the vessel—effectually destroying both the mast and pump in its passage.

The Tunisan Ambassador, accompanied by James Cathcart, Esq. late consul general for the Barbary states, arrived on Monday last at Philadelphia; where he will continue a few days, being on his way to Boston, and will embark from thence for Tunis.

Our city inspector reports the death of 13 men, 7 women, 11 boys, and 9 girls, during the week ending on Saturdry last, viz. Of asthma 1, cancer 1, child-bed fever 1, consumption 6, (2 men, aged 20, and 41, 3 women, aged 22, 25, and 40, and 1 child aged 4 years.) convulsions 5, debility 1, decay 3, dropsy 2, dropsy in the head 1, dysentary 1, typhus fever 1, infantile flux 1, hives 1; inflamation of the stomach 1, inflamation of the lungs 2, inflamation of the bowels 2, inflamation of the brain 1, pleurisy 2, *small pox* 4, still born 1, sudden death 1, and 1 of worms.

Correspondence, &c.

** D. * is informed that his communication cannot be inserted in our miscellany.—The sentiments it contains, are rude; and his ardent passion is expressed in such terms, as, in our opinion, would excite, and justly too, the disdain of the fair one of whom he appears to be enamoured.*

" Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source
" Of human offspring,"
" Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights
" His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
" Reigns here and revels;"

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening, by the rev. Dr. Miller, Henry Post, jun. Esq. (of the house of Post and Russel) to Miss Mary Minturn, one of the amiable daughters of the late Mr. Wm. Minturn, deceased.

On Sunday last, by the rev. Dr. Abeel, Mr. Thomas Newman, to Miss Eliza Demarest, daughter of Mr. Jacob Demarest, all of this city.

On Saturday last, by the rev. Mr. Hobart, Mr. Peter A. Mesier, to Miss Catharine Mesier, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, Mr. Stephen Collins, to Miss Mary Kenney, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Mason, Mr. A. D. Duff, late of Lisbon, to Miss Mary Tillery, of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. James Robinson, to Miss Sally Cox, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. John Williams, Jonathan Burwell, Esq. to Mrs. Phoebe Reeves, both of this city.

At Montreal, on the 18th of May last, Mr. Cornwall Bayley, to Miss Helen Eliza Jones, daughter of the late Dr. Jones of that city.

"....." all, that live, must die;
passing through nature to eternity"

DIED,

On Friday night the 6th inst. in this city, Goldsborough Banyore, jun. the excellent and only son of his worthy father, G. Banyore, Esq. of Albany.

On Thursday, Mrs. Jane Mullany, consort of Mr. James Mullany, merchant of this city.

On Thursday afternoon, Dr. John Charlton, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

At New Orleans, Mr. John M'Neil, formerly of this city.

Drowned, at Broadalbin, on the 18th ult. Mrs. M'Intire, consort of Daniel M'Intire, Esq. and mother of Archibald M'Intire Esq. comptroller of this state.

In Somers, (Con.) widow Mary Sexton aged 91; she practised midwifery 55 years, and by her records, she was at the birth of 1000 children, and she was the mother of eleven.

A HANDSOME ASSORTMENT
OF
TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,
FOR SALE BY
N. SMITH,

CHYMICAL PERFUMER,
From London,
At the New York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the ROSE; No. 114, opposite the City Hotel, Broadway

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softning, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.
Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.
Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Carcassia or Antique Oil, for curling, glossing and thickening the Hair, and preventing it from turning grey, 4s per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s per pot or roll. Doled do. 2s.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples; redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving ..with printed directions..6s. 8s. and 12s per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions

His superfine white Hair-Powder, 1s. per lb.
Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.
His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.
Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-Ball, 2s. and 3s. each.
Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do,
Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, and leaves them quite smooth, 2s. 4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking offa kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smoot and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted, 2s 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

☞ Great allowance to those who buy to sell again. May 24. 1806.

THE NEW-YORK LANCASTER SCHOOL.

IT is a common complaint among Parents, that the persons who have the care of their children at school, take more scholars than they can attend to, and the complaint is founded in truth. Teachers must live: and the price of education being low, they depend for subsistence, upon the number of their pupils; the cause of this evil is to be found in the usual plan of Education, which renders it impossible for one person to discharge with fidelity, the duty of Teacher to more than a small number of children.

But there exists now in London, a school in which *one thousand* children are thoroughly instructed under the care of one Master alone It was Established by Mr. JOSEPH LANCASTER, in the Borough Road, Southwark, under the patronage of many of the principal characters in Great Britain. This extraordinary Institution is founded on a new system of instruction; at first it consisted of only 113 scholars, but is now extended to 1000, and is shortly to be enlarged still more. Another Institution of the same kind is established near Westminster, where a similar number are educated. A subscription is opened for the education of 10,000 poor children, on the same principle.

Mr. Lancaster has published a full account of this plan, which excellent work the subscribers have in their possession.

The favourable reception which this mode of Education has met with in England, has encouraged the subscribers (one of whom has had some practice therein) in attempting to establish a school upon the same plan, in which Mr. Lancaster's simple, but excellent methods will be adhered to, as nearly as circumstances will admit The two leading principles on which the system is founded, are emulation, and the hope of reward; principles which address themselves in a peculiar manner, to the ardent temper of youth. These operative springs of action, are made to pervade the whole course of Instruction. Diligence brings its own reward, and honour is a sure attendant upon exertion: while an inflexible discipline represses disorder, the rod will be little used, as it has been proved, that the hope of winning a top, or a ball, will do what many whippings could never have effected

The school room is large, and in a healthy situation, at No. 222, Greenwich street, and as it is intended that the school shall offer advantages in respect to expence, which are not to be obtained in any other respectable school, the terms are fixed as follows:

Spelling and Reading . . . . Per. Qr. 2 Dols.
Spelling Reading, and Writing . . . . 3 Do.
Spelling Reading, Writing Cyphering, 4 Do.
Pens and Ink . . . . . 25 Cts.

N B. Rewards to a considerable amount will be distributed among the scholars, at the expense of the subscribers.

WM. PIRSSON, & CO.
New York, May 17.

MUSIC SCHOOL.

DR. JACKSON respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that his School is now open at his house, No. 92 Greenwich-street, on the usual moderate terms of twelve dollars per quarter

☞ Ladies attended at their own houses as usual.

December 14.

JOHN JONES,
UMBRELA AND PARASOL MAKER,
NO. 29, CHATHAM STREET
NEW-YORK,

INFORMS his friends and the public in general, that he has on hand, of his own make, Silk Umbrellas, and Parasols, warranted fast Colours. Likewise Cotton Umbrellas, superior in quality to any for sale in this city.

Coverings and repairings neatly executed.

N. B. Oiled Silk Hat-Covers, Combs, and Walking-Sticks, for sale as above.

Nov. 23. tf.

E. RILEY,

RESPECTFULLY INFORMS HIS PUPILS,
That he has removed his
MUSIC ROOMS,

To No. 13 Broad Street, and his dwelling to Harrisson Street, two doors from Greenwich Street near the north river.

The GERMAN FLUTE,

FLAGIOLETT, GUITTAR, & PIANO FORTE, taught on the most approved principles.

4 t May 31

W. S. TURNER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 17, Nassau to No. 29 Partition street, where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles, that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature; and so neat in appearance, they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method, also, of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses; or he may be consulted at No. 71, Nassau street, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own, from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years; and many medical characters both use and recommend it; as, by a constant application of it, the teeth become beautifully white, the gums are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden lane.

From the Boston Centinel.

The following will not be found destitute of an interesting MORAL *to the fair sex.*

"THE LITTLE GIRL WITH BOSOM BARE."

OH, the bliss that's in caressing
Any lovely, smiling fare!
But what extacy in pressing
The little girl with bosom bare?

As every day she passes by,
With sparkling eyes and auburn hair,
I steal a glance, and heave a sigh
For lovely LUCE, *with bosom bare.*

Between those hills of living snow,
Nestling cupid lays his snare:
Look, and soon the charm you'll know,
The little girl *with bosom bare.*

The dimpling cherub twang'd his bow,
He peirc'd his heart I'd almost sware;
And CHARLES soon made his humblest bow
To lovely LUCE, *with bosom bare.*

In satire soon the neighbours said,
A *bosom*-friend did LUCE ensnare;
They thought that CHARLES would surely wed
The little girl *with bosom bare.*

But soon he felt so highly pleas'd,
HYMEN cou'd but his joys impair:
He therefore from his heart releas'd
The little girl *with bosom bare.*

And now dejected, and forlorn,
Does LUCY of the sex despair;
While all the hundred hands of scorn
Point at the girl *with bosom bare.*

She thought her Charles of love the slave
But now her life does loud declare—
Tho' all may like, yet none will have
A little girl *with bosom bare.*

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

WOMEN in their nature are more gay and joyous than men; whether it be that their blood is more refined, their fibres more delicate, and their animal spirits more light and volatile; or whether, as some have imagined, there may not be a kind of sex in the very soul, I shall not pretend to determine. As vivacity is the gift of women, gravity is that of men. They should each of them, therefore, *keep a watch* upon the particular *bias* which nature has fixed in their minds, that it may not draw *too much*, and lead them out of the paths of reason. This will certainly happen if the one, in every word and action affects the character of being rigid and severe, and the other that of being brisk and gay. Men should beware of being captivated by a sort of savage philosophy—Women by a thoughtless gallantry. Where these precautions are not observed, the man often degenerates into a cynic; the woman into a coquette: the man grows sullen and morose; the woman impertinent and fantastical.

CURIOUS QUESTIONS.

Why are women more talkative than men?

The mouths of women are compared to houses which have no doors, and at this I do not wonder, since they are restrained by no obligations of secrecy. The discipline of secrecy, as it regards the Senate, or any private affairs of state, is to them unknown. Female garrulity has every where impunity, it fears no censor. Nevertheless it must be acknowledged that this defect is not peculiar to women, and our own annals afford illustrious examples of women, who, when exigence required, have been no less tenacious of secrecy than men.

Which are the most rare animals in nature?

A rich man contented with his fortune. A man distinguished by genius, and not also distinguished by defects. A courtier grown old. A learned man who knows himself. A sciolist not puffed up with the vanity of learning. A virgin who is beautiful to every body but herself.

DR. CHEYNE.

Whilst some one was talking before this acute Scotchman, of the excellence of human nature, "Hoot, hoot, mon, Human nature is a rogue and a scoundrel, or why should it perpetually stand in need of laws and religion?"

Dr Johnson remarked that the reply of *Macbeth* to his wife after she had been stimulating him to murder *Duncan*, tho' contained in two lines, would have made Shakespeare eminent had he written nothing besides——

"I dare do all that may become a man,
"Who dare do more is none."

Better, says Zimmerman, be conjoined to the *dead* than the dull. Mezentius had no punishment to equal a listless, yawning, disaffected female companion.

Habit has a wonderful rule in human affairs; it consecrates and preserves all our acquisitions, whether moral or intellectual; and memory itself is little more than habitual knowledge.

The son of a hero is truly estimable when we esteem him more for his own merit, than that of his father.

Xerxes, the Persian monarch, when he reviewed his *millions* from a stately throne in the plains of Asia, burst into tears on the recollection that *the multitude of men* he saw before his eyes, would, in *one hundred years* be NO MORE!

A London publication says, The two bodies found in the Serpentine river, were not those of a man and his wife, but of a man *with another* man's wife; a species of gallantry hitherto unparralled, and not likely to be made a *precedent.*

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